The Royal Conquest,

OR,

The Happy Success against a Potent Enemy.

As it was Sung in the Prophetess at the Queens Theatre.

To a New Play-House Tune. *Licensed according to Order.*

1.

Let the Souldiers rejoyce,
With a general Voice,
And the Senate new Honours decree 'em;
Who at his Armys head,
Struck the fell Monster dead,
And so boldly, so boldly, and bravely did free 'em.

2.

To *Mars* let 'em raise,
And their Emperor's praise,
A Trophy of the Armys own making:
To *Maximinian* too,
Some Honours are due,
Who joyned, who joyned in the brave Undertaking.

3.

With Flowers let them strew
The way as they go,
Their Statues with Garlands adorning;
Who from tyrannies night,
Drave the Mists in their sight,
And gave them, and gave them a glorious Morning.

4.

Let all Glory and State
On his Royalty wait,
Great *William* the true Faiths defender;
Whersoever he goes,
Still he conquers his Foes,
Mighty Cities and Castles to him does surrender.

5.

Let the Catholicks frown,
While their Cause tumbles down,
It is not a Crowd *France* can restore 'em,
Our great Monarch of fame
With his Enemies tame,
For his army, his army doth drive all before 'em.

6.

For they'll die ere they'll flinch,
Or give back an inch,
But fight under the Noble Banner,
Of that soveraign Lord,
Whose Conquering sword,
Shall crown him, shall crown him with trophies of honour.

7.

Boys be Loyal to him,
Fill the bowl to the brim,
Heavens blesse him from secret Malice,
Let the sweet trumpets sound,
As the Bumpers go round;
Likewise with him, lads, with him, safe home to his Palace.

8.

As he sails to the shore,
Let the loud Cannons roar
Like the Claps of invincible thunder,
Our joys to expresse,
For his Royal success,
Having fill'd the whole Kingdom; the Kingdom with wonder.

9.

For the Protestants they,
who in close Prisons lay,
Are Releas'd by his Conquering Power,
when the *French* bloody Crew
He did rarely subdue,
Who was forc'd in Confusion to scamper and scowre.

10.

Let the bells ring for joy,
While the *French* we destroy,
And make the poor tories run nimble,
And in time we'll advance
To the Kingdom of *France*,
where we'll make the proud insolent Tyrant to tremble.

Printed for *Charles Rees* at the *Sun* and *Bible* in *Pye-Corner*.

The Royal Conqueſt,

OR,

The Happy Succeſs againſt a Potent Enemy.

As it was Sung in the Propheteſs at the Queens Theatre.

To a New Play-Houſe Tune. *Licenſed according to Order.*

1.

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With a general Voice,
And the Senate new Honours decree 'em;
Who at his Armys head,
Struck the fell Monſter dead,
And ſo boldly, ſo boldly, and bravely did free 'em.

2.

To *Mars* let 'em raiſe,
And their Emperor's praiſe,
A Trophy of the Armys own making:
To *Maximinian* too,
Some Honours are due, (king.
Who joyned, who joyned in the brave Undertа-

3.

With Flowers let them ſtrew
The way as they go,
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Who from tyrannies night,
Drave the Miſts in their ſight, (ning
And gave them, and gave them a glorious Mor-

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Let all Glory and State
On his Royalty wait,
Great *William* the true Faiths defender;
Whereſoever he goes,
Still he conquers his Foes,
Mighty Cities and Caſtles to him does ſurrender.

5.

Let the Catholicks frown,
While their Cauſe tumbles down,
It is not proud *France* can reſtore 'em,
Our great Monarch of fame
Will his Enemies tame,
For his army, his army doth drive all before 'em.

6.

For they'll die ere they'll flinch,
Or give back an inch,
But fight under the Noble Banner,
Of that ſoveraign Lord,
Whoſe Conquering ſword,
Shall crown him, ſhall crown him with trophies of honour

7.

Boys be *Loyal* to him,
Fill the bowl to the brim,
Heavens bleſs him from ſecret Malice,
Let the ſweet trumpets ſound,
As the Bumpers go round; (his Pallace.
Likewiſe with him, lads, with him, ſafe home to

8.

As he ſails to the ſhore,
Let the loud Cannons roar
Like the Claps of invincible thunder,
Our joys to expreſs,
For his Royal ſucceſs, (with wonder.
Having fill'd the whole Kingdom, the Kingdom

9.

For the Proteſtants they,
who in cloſe Priſons lay,
Are Releas'd by his Conquering Power,
when the *French* bloody Crew
He did rarely ſubdue, (ſcowre
Who was forc'd in Confuſion to ſcamper and

10.

Let the bells ring for joy,
While the *French* we deſtroy,
And make the poor tories run nimble,
And in time we'll advance
To the Kingdom of *France*, (tremble.
where we'll make the proud inſolent Tyrant to

Printed for *Charles Bates* at the *Sun* and *Bible* in *Pye-Corner*.

1690

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